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ALUMNAE NEWS LETTER



Mary Baldwin College



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ALUMNAE NEWS LETTER

Mary Baldwin College

Volume 14

FEBRUARY

No. 1

Alumnae Are Challenged To Insure Survival Of Liberal Arts

A GREETING FROM PRESIDENT JARMAN

This word of greeting comes to each individual of our five thousand alumnae. It also recognizes our unity as a living, functioning organism, and brings a message of interest, good will, and encouragement to the entire group who comprise the larger Mary Baldwin family.

The centennial is past. We are in the new century. Interesting also is the fact that the Alumnae Association completes its half century this year. We have, therefore, a double incentive to a common loyalty to the college and the Association.

One of the chief difficulties ahead of Mary Baldwin in these difficult days is the danger that the alumnae, naturally engaged in every conceivable type of war-effort, may forget for the moment the importance of the college and its program. The truth is that the college needs your interest and support now possibly more than ever. There is no higher, more far-reaching patriotic service than assuring the continuing efficiency of our educational system and institutions.

In a recent message to college and university executives, President Roosevelt said in effect that our first duty now is to win the war; however, we can seem to win the war but in truth be losing it if we should lose the services of our educational institutions which have made America what she is. The colleges must go on. Amid the press of a thousand duties, we who know the values in such institutions must find time to do whatever may be necessary to assure their continued efficient operation.

Women have a peculiar opportunity and duty in this whole matter. Only women now may commit them-

selves fully to the program of liberal education. The education of men at present must of necessity be highly technical. The same is true as to some women. In the long run, however, the supreme task of woman is the understanding, the appropriation, and the perpetuation of the intangible, the spiritual values of our civilization. In times like these, this is doubly true. If the spiritual values of the liberal arts tradition are to survive, it must be through the efforts and the loyalty of woman in education. This is at once woman's opportunity to serve society in a lasting way, and a challenge to her commitment of herself to the perpetuation of the highest spiritual values of our culture.

Doubtless, all of you know these things already, and have thought of them. It is worth our while, however, to discuss them together. To be specific Mary Baldwin calls on you to find time to keep alive and vigorous your alumnae activities, to keep fresh your college memories and friendships, and to do all in your power to see that the college goes forward in this critical period. As you send students to the college during these years—and we must depend on your influence for students—you can safely promise them that at Mary Baldwin they will find not only the same loyalty to a liberal education that has always existed here but also an effort on the part of the college and faculty to adjust the curriculum to the demands of the day by a change of emphasis in certain courses and by the introduction of new courses that will have practical value.

Again, your college sends greetings and calls for renewed interest and loyalty.

—L. WILSON JARMAN.

THE WAR REACHES OUR CAMPUS

Like the 1700 other institutions of higher learning in the U. S. A. Mary Baldwin is making many curricular and extra-curricular adjustments on account of the war. The college is having a good year, however, in spite of these changes. All spaces in the dormitories are taken and the students are going about their usual tasks in a calm way, with perhaps a more serious attitude than in normal years.

The faculty is considering a number of changes in the curriculum for 1943-44. These will be described in the catalogue to be published in March of this year. The faculty reaffirm their allegiance to the liberal arts traditions, agreeing with Douglas Freeman that in wartime when man is so inhumane to man the study of the humanities is of even greater importance than in peace.

Some of the more immediately practical courses, such as secretarial training, are exceedingly popular this session and a number of changes are anticipated in this department for 1943-44. The eighteen typewriters in the secretarial room are in constant use, with more students asking to enroll than can be accommodated.

Spanish courses are also crowded while French has definitely become second in enrollments. This session there are five sections of beginning Spanish with an enrollment of one hundred; at the same time there is one class in beginning French with only ten enrolled. In spite of reiteration about the cultural advantages of the study of the French language the students are flocking to Spanish in increasing numbers.

During the current session several courses with a war time emphasis have been added to the curriculum. One of these is Problems of a World at War. This course is divided into four quarters. During the first quarter the ideologies and personalities of the war were studied; during the second term the geography of World War II was the focus of attention. In the second semester the class will study the economics of total war and the social effects of the war on the family and education. Another war course is a Wartime Mathematics Refresher, similar to the course offered by the navy to entering airmen.

Many extra-curricular, no-credit courses were offered during the first semester to students who wanted to spend Saturday afternoon in war work. Among these were First Aid, Home Nursing, Household Mechanics, Automobile Mechanics, Propaganda through Posters, and Keeping up with the War. Other courses will be added to this list for the second semester.

Students have also engaged in knitting and sewing for the Red Cross and in bandage rolling.

A bond and stamp selling committee has been organized for regular sales among the students. A booth is opened on the lower gallery several times a

week for the purpose of selling stamps.

A salvage committee tried to find scrap materials useful for the war effort and also to sponsor an educational program of saving such items.

With taxi riding out and other transportation facilities limited, the students are beginning to live an altered social life. There is no priority on American ingenuity and the college officials are urging the girls to be original in their entertainments and activities. The facilities of the King Building are of tremendous help in organizing the athletic and social life of the college community. Even the faculty members have been using the gymnasium one night a week for swimming, badminton, country dancing, and other activities.

The meatless dinner once a week and the dessertless lunch are simple reminders that the college wants to cooperate in every possible way with the authorities in consumer problems. In these as in other ways we are trying to do our part in winning the war.

Mary Baldwin has survived four wars and hopes to emerge from the present conflict with a stronger, more socially useful program than ever before.

—MARTHA S. GRAFTON,
Dean of Instruction

M. B. ALUMNAE WITH THE ARMED FORCES

Word is constantly reaching the alumnae office, concerning those of you who are serving with the armed forces in one way or another. We are all very proud of you and hope that you will be successful.

Margaret B. Phillips is with the University of Virginia base hospital in Africa. Her letter to us, written just before she sailed, was thrilled and happy. She is a graduate nurse of the Union Memorial Hospital of Baltimore, and though, of course, she didn't know where she was going when she wrote us, we have since learned that the Virginia unit is in North Africa.

The ranks of the WAAC's now include Elizabeth Lambert ('37x'35) who is in Africa, and her sister, Rosalie Lambert ('41), who is in Florida and has just received a promotion in rank. Elizabeth Buel ('33) took her Officer's Training with the first group at Des Moines, and Catherine Riddle ('15) took the Officer's Training too. Sgt. Adele Gooch ('38) is now in the group and writes back how much she likes it. Clara Berry ('28) has just enlisted and will have her assignment soon.

Ensigns Nellie Hankins ('36) and Winifred Love ('35), Mary Jane McMechen ('37 x '35) and Ruth Owen ('40) are the only four WAVES we are sure we can claim, and the office has heard nothing about Mary Baldwin girls of the SPARS and the Marines. If you know of them, do tell us!

KEEPING FIT



FOR UNCLE SAM

MARY BALDWIN BULLETIN

Alumnæ News Letter

Published by Mary Baldwin College. Issued monthly, except May, June, August and September. Entered at Staunton, Virginia, as second class matter under Act of Congress, August 24, 1912.

Volume XIV FEBRUARY Number 1

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YOUR ALUMNAE BOARD MEETS

The informal account which follows of the activity, thoughts, and problems of the Alumnae Association Board of Directors during the last six months is given, with the thought in mind that it will perhaps give each individual alumna a clearer picture of how difficult a task lies before the Association as a whole. It is going to take a joint effort on the part of everyone who is at all interested in the survival of the group if the effort and devotion of the Board is to bear fruit.

The problem which is weighing heaviest on the minds of us here is the difficulty of holding chapters together when transportation to and from meetings is so uncertain. Without any joint chapter activity, however, the dissolution of the chapters is inevitable. Well, does that make any difference? They can be reorganized later. True. . . But, in the meantime the college is without the organized effort and support of a strong alumnae group, and right now that group could be of inestimable value in the interesting of prospective students for Mary Baldwin.

Insofar as is possible, the government wants the American woman, who has the capacity for it, to take a liberal arts degree. She will, of course, place certain emphasis on the practical tools for immediate use but, while acquiring those skills, she will also be building for the long future. Her point of view, as well as the depth and penetration of her thought, will be cultivated. This will make for the safety of the peace we hope is coming. . . But Mary Baldwin cannot make this contribution to the future unless her alumnae group is willing to help. The Board feels strongly that if alumnae would face this problem squarely they would come to see that it is as vital a war time effort as the rest of the civilian contribution. Chapter chairmen everywhere are hesitating to call chapter meetings, because they feel that the group will not respond. Won't you, as individual alumnae, phone your chapter

chairman and urge her to go ahead and call the group together; to lay plans; and to meet and interest the prospective college girl in your community in Mary Baldwin College.

You will be delighted to know that Mr. and Mrs. James D. Francis, of Huntington, West Virginia, have presented the college with enough chairs to fill the William Wayt King Auditorium. The college and the alumnae group are most appreciative of the gift. It makes possible our use of the building.

The Alumnae Club House is having an active, successful year. The girls have used it constantly—more heavily than usual, it seems to us, because their transportation problems for weekends are more difficult. The committee is planning to add more furniture in an effort to increase its usefulness. Half of all the income derived from it has gone into the national treasury this year, and they hope to hold all necessary redecoration to a minimum.

The National Board had its annual tea for all seniors, little sisters, granddaughters, and student officers in the early fall and it seemed to be a happy event.

At the last meeting in January, it was suggested by Mrs. Emily Pancake Smith and Mrs. Gloria Jones Atkinson that the Alumnae Association establish a scholarship for education of Chinese girls at Mary Baldwin College, in honor of Madame Chiang. It was the hope of the group, after some discussion, that this might be done, in order that we might play some part in furthering the friendship that has always existed between our country and China. Correspondence toward this end was taken up with the Chinese Embassy by Mrs. Smith. They were delighted with the idea, and asked us to permit the matter to remain open until after the war, since it would be impossible now to transport any Chinese students. The Board has not taken further action, but we hope that you will want them to reopen the matter at the end of the war.



The History Department Renews Its Assignment

A NEW READING LIST

(Editor's note: With the following article we are inaugurating a new feature in our Alumnae Bulletin. We hope that it will meet a need among Alumnae, regardless of age or location. It is our purpose to stimulate again among you an interest in your major field of study while in college; to give you some picture of what is being done in the department now, and to suggest some reading that will help you to put yourself once more back into that period of your life when "all things were possible and given knowledge no man could fail." If you care to write us, we will be delighted to have your reaction to our plan and your suggestions.)

Our Secretary of State, Mr. Cordell Hull, says that history teaches us two things: first, "that man's innate striving for freedom cannot be extinguished"; second, "that liberty is truly won only when it is guarded by the same watchfulness, the same courage, the same willingness to fight for it which first secured it."

This war has brought home to us as never before the truth of Mr. Hull's remarks, as we have seen the German and Japanese hordes, with absolute disregard for international honor, overrun territories of neighboring nations and attempt to make free men slaves.

These international lawbreakers have been able to injure free men's bodies or destroy their lives, but they have been unable to touch their souls. Against seemingly irresistible might, men used to ideals of freedom, tolerance, and justice have successfully defied their brutal conquerors, preserving unscathed for the future the real, enduring principles in which they believe.

We must not only win this war for liberty; we also must perpetuate in the peace which follows the things for which we fight and live. It isn't often that a nation has a second chance to lead the world toward heights of human betterment. We have that second chance now, if we possess the intelligence and determination to take advantage of our opportunities. With leaders of vision and courage to inspire us and with individual citizens willing to sacrifice temporary, personal interests in order to secure permanent peace for all peoples, the United States can take the responsibility of leading the world toward the realization of human rights and security for all nations, great and small.

In line with the general trend toward including in college curricula courses which make a definite and immediate contribution to usefulness in a world at war, Mary Baldwin has added or planned to give more frequently history and political science courses which meet present needs.

Problems of a World at War, one of the new courses, has been quite popular. In it the background

of the present war, the conflicting ideologies of the countries involved in the war, the leaders of the nations at war, geo-political aspects of the war, and social and economic problems which the war has brought are presented by professors of history, sociology, economics, and education.

Current History, planned for juniors and seniors prepared to do more advanced work, also is given for the first time this year. In this course topics important in the news are studied from source materials such as newspapers and magazines, and documents, as well as from background works.

Courses in American History, American Government, and Hispanic American History are now given every year. In alternate years Comparative Governments, Europe since 1914, International Relations, British Civilization, The British Empire, The Far East, Typical Americans, and American Diplomacy are offered. The increased interest in American History is shown in the fact that the registration for the second semester is unprecedented.

There are many recent books in the field of history which can be read with pleasure and profit by all of us. Some of the most provocative and most significant of these are the following works.

"Tokyo Road," by Otto Tolischus; "Air Offensive Against Germany," by Alan Michie; "We Landed At Dawn," by A. B. Austin; "Victory Is Not Enough," by Egon Ranshofen-Wertheimer; "It Is Later Than You Think," by Max Lerner; "This Time For Keeps," by John MacCormac; "Bombs Away," by John Steinbeck.

"This is Congress," by Roland Young; "Appeasement's Child," by Thomas J. Hamilton; "Memories of My People," by Leo W. Schwartz; "The American Leonardo, The Life of Samuel F. B. Morse," by Carleton Mabey; "The Politics of This War," by Ray F. Harvey and Others; "Permanent World Peace," by Jeremiah S. Algy; "Education for Freedom," by Robert Maynard Hutchins; "Constitution of the World State," a pamphlet by John B. Corliss, Jr.; "Alaska Comes of Age," a pamphlet by Julius C. Edelstein.

"Mission To Moscow," by Joseph E. Davies; "Berlin Diary," by William L. Shirer; "America in World Affairs," by Allan Nevins; "Van Loon's Lives," by Hendrick Willem Van Loon; "Post-War Worlds," by Percy E. Corbett; "The Ramping Frontier," by Thomas D. Clark; "A Diplomatic History of the United States," by Samuel F. Bemis; "Vichy—Two Years of Deception," by Leon Marchal; "South of the Congo," by Selwyn James; "Germany's Master Plan,"

by Joseph Borkin and Charles A. Welsh; "Mr. Justice Holmes," by Francis Biddle.

"Let the People Know," by Norman Angell; "Behind the Japanese Mask," by Jesse F. Steiner; "The Silent War," by Jon B. Jensen and Stefan Weyl; "The Russians: The Land, The People, and Why They Fight," by Albert Rhys Williams; "Italy From Within," by Richard G. Massock; "Old Thad Stevens: A History of Ambition," by Richard Nelson Current; "Lighting Up Liberia," by Arthur L. Hayman and Harled Preece; "A Study of War," by Quincy Wright.

"The United States Navy Fights," by Adolphe Roberts; "Serpent of the Seas," by Commander Harley F. Cope, U. S. N.; "There Go the Ships," by Robert Carse; "Captain of the Andes," a biography of General Sam Martin by Margaret Haynes Harrison; "Remarking America," by Jay Franklin; "Jefferson Himself," by Bernard Mayo; "Siberia," by Emil Lengyel; "Look Forward, Warrior," by Ruth Bryan Owen; "Listen, Hans," by Dorothy Thompson.

"Mr. Rutledge of South Carolina," by Richard Barry; "Report From Tokyo," by Joseph C. Grew; "Rip Tide of Aggression," by L. T. Mowrer; "Campaign and Battles of the Army of Northern Virginia," by George Wise; "The Flying Tigers," by Russell Whelan; "They Were Expendable," by W. L. White; "I Saw the Fall of the Philippines," by Col. Carlos P. Romulo; "Pacific Charter," by Hallett Abend.

"A Latin American Speaks," by Louis Quintanilla; "Battle for the Solomons," by Ira Wolfert; "Warning to the West," by Shridharani; "War in Our Time: A Connected Analysis in Pictures and Text of the World Chaos 1931-1942," by Harry Henderson and Herman C. Morris; "The Man Who Made News," a biography of James Gordon Bennett by Oliver Carlson; "Lee's

Lieutenants, A Study in Command," by Douglas S. Freeman.

"What About Germany," by Louis P. Lochner; "Balcony Empire," by Reynolds and Eleanor Packard; "A Week With Gandhi," by Louis Fischer; "All Night Long," by Erskine Caldwell; "India Today," by W. E. Duffett, A. R. Hicks and G. R. Parkin; "Basis for Peace in the Far East," by Nathaniel Peffer; "The United States and the Far East," by Stanley K. Hornbeck; "A Democratic Manifesto," by Emery Reves; "Thomas Jefferson: World Citizen," by Senator Elbert D. Thomas.

"World Order in Historical Perspective," by Hans Kohn; "We Who Built America," by Carl Wittke; "The Soviet Experiment," by Harry Best; "A Short History of Canada for Americans," by Alfred L. Burt; "The Old South, The Founding of American Civilization," by Thomas J. Wertenbaker; "Cordell Hull, A Biography," by Harold Hinton; "Democratic Ideals and Reality," by Sir Halford J. Mackinder; "Freedom of Thought in the Old South," by Clement Eaton; "America: The Story of a Free People," by Allan Nevins and Henry Steele Commager.

"The China of Chiang K'ai-Shek, A Political Study," by Paul M. Linebarger; "Government by Assassination," by Hughes Byas; "Washington Is Like That," by W. M. Kiplinger; "A Time for Greatness," by Herbert Agar; "The Beveridge Report," by Sir William Beveridge; "A Diplomatic History of the American People," by Thomas A. Bailey; "White Book of the U. S. Foreign Policy, 1932-1942, The Inside Story of American Diplomacy From Roosevelt's First Peace Appeal to Hull's Vision of the Future," prepared by the Committee for National Morale.

—MARY SWAN CARROLL, PH.D.



THE LAB AT WAR

The Past At Mary Baldwin Recaptured By Dr. Watters

The History of Mary Baldwin College, 1842 to 1942,
By Mary Watters, Ph.D. 646 pages. Published by Mary
Baldwin College: Staunton, Va. \$3.50.

We who live up and down the hills of Staunton are neither impartial observers of what takes place at Mary Baldwin not tolerant listeners to accounts of these happenings. For our mothers, wives, and daughters are as fine as they are, to no small extent, because of its influence. Members of its faculty are our lifelong friends and neighbors. Each year here, during the droning summertime, silence on its campus is itself a gong: We realize then how much this institution means to us spiritually and culturally; how empty much of our lives would be were it not a part of the town. Naturally we are instinctively on the alert whenever its name is mentioned.

In the beautifully bound and illustrated "History of Mary Baldwin College," by Dr. Mary Watters, is to be found a truly admirable record of the life of the school from the days of its origin until the present. That Mary Baldwin has at last received the attention of an historian of Dr. Watters' ability is, indeed, fortunate. The many facts assembled might so easily have been added-up to form a weighty, dry-as-dust total. Charm and beauty existing there could so readily have scamped down aisles of yellowed records and academic statistics away from a less-skilled writer. But Dr. Watters has been able to study the decades comprehensively and comprehendingly, and present their drama with authenticity and proportion, grace and delightful humor. Her book is not only readable. Despite wearying activities of WAACS, or WAVES, or Civilian Defense, it will, I believe, hold your interest far into many a dog-tired night.

Throughout its pages, scenes from the past, as well as those from only yesterday, take on a living vividness. Educational policy is formulated within the buildings, while outdoors the iron dogs arrive; become weathered; receive their first coat of paint; and are given new names by the girls. Innumerable personages of yesteryear move with true dignity and humaneness. Mentors and students alike live and breathe, and laugh and hope and grow, as they surely did, and their inheritors are now doing. Dr. Watters has missed nothing.

That you may feel her touch, I quote several lines of her prose in reference to daily life at the Seminary during Miss Baldwin's time:

"There was for example, Mr. Thompson, the night watchman, who always solicitously inquired of the teachers at the end of the session, 'Well, Miss, are you coming back to us next year?'—He acted as escort of the girls to the theater and to the station, rang the night and morning bells, and patrolled the grounds—The quality of his boldness in accosting the intruder has been inherited, some might say, by later heirs to his office. To a thief he declared: 'If you don't go away from here I will blow your brains out, like I did last year.'"

Again, concerning Mr. William Wayt King, for thirty-three years the Business Manager, there appears this vignette:

"Mr. King possessed a happy, sanguine nature, and a friendly disposition, which easily won the devotion of the students. His attention to their comforts and convenience never appeared a burden nor was he ever too busy or too tired apparently to say a cheering word. He bade them goodbye at the train, giving each one a sandwich of Smithfield ham. He wrote them of changes and improvements made during the Summer and was always eager to show the returning student what had been done in her absence."

Excellent events of the changing years are reviewed as they leave their imprints on this cultural establishment. We are shown existence at the school during Civil War raids; attend Woodrow Wilson's Baptism in the Chapel; hear him address Stauntonians from the balcony at the beginning of that heart-breaking period just one war ago. We are offered sketches of life there at the time of World War I and during boom days of the twenties. Also, we are taken through the place as it is today, a college, under the guidance of Dr. L. Wilson Jarman, starting a second century fearlessly and with philosophic wisdom.

All in all, Dr. Watters has accomplished a large undertaking successfully, written a work that will fascinate those who at any time went to Mary Baldwin; others who merely admire it; and everyone entertained by well-written history, in a year when choice volumes are scarcer than rationed goods without a ration card

—SIDNEY B. SHULTZ.

FACULTY WITH U. S. ARMY

The Campus here at Mary Baldwin is missing very much the four members of the Faculty who have joined the Army and won't be back until it's over. On the opposite page we have given you in their own words just how much the English Department is missing the Campus.



CARL BROMAN

Captain Broman didn't leave until well into the fall session and was a bit luckier in his first assignment than any of the rest of the group. He went to an Officer Training School at Washington and Lee in Lexington and was back on the Campus several times in his officer's uniform. You can imagine the excitement which was created. The last time we heard he was stationed outside of Baltimore.

Mr. Day left Staunton about the first of February and the latest report had him at camp in north Texas just south of Oklahoma. Mrs. Day hadn't had her first letter from him when we saw her so his reactions are still unknown but we will guarantee that he will find something to paint. He has left behind him a stunning portrait of Dr. Jarman in academic robes and a lovely mural of the Woodrow Wilson Manse in the new U.S.O. Rooms here in town. The city and college have lost an artist of distinction and we are all looking forward to his return.



HORACE DAY

He has his family here in Staunton with him and they are a delightful addition.

In the absence of these familiar figures we have gained several new friends. Dr. Ben Fuson is an Associate Professor in the English Department. He has his B.A. from Emporia College, Kansas, an M.A. from the University of Kansas and his Ph.D. from the State University of Iowa.

Mr. Stephen Merton is also an Associate Professor in the English Department. A native New Yorker, Mr. Merton is a graduate of Columbia College and has his A.M. from Columbia University. He spent 1938 at Oxford University in England where he had the unique experience of watching Europe live through the Munich crisis and on into the beginning of the present war.



EDWARD P. VANDIVER

Mr. Donald W. Alton is the latest addition to the campus, having come since Captain Broman left. He has already given one beautiful concert and the whole town is looking forward to the next one. He holds his B.M. and his M.M. from the Eastman School of Music at Rochester, New York.

Mr. Alton comes to Mary Baldwin from the University of Kentucky, where he was Instructor in Music and Director of The Glee Club. He was also Choir Director at the First Presbyterian Church in Lexington, and the Director of a mixed University Chorus. Mrs. Alton is with him, and they are making their home here in Staunton.

Miss Marion Copp is also a new addition to the Music Department and her delightful voice has already charmed everyone. Most of her life has been lived in Canada but she was born in New York state and is a graduate of a Normal School in Stratford, Connecticut. Her voice was trained at the Conservatory of Music in Toronto, Canada, and she studied also at the University of Toronto as well as privately in Europe.

She has given two delightful concerts to an enthusiastic Staunton audience, and her charming personality and versatility did much in the early Fall to make receptions for Freshmen memorable occasions. She has been most generous with her time and talent.

Dean Katherine Sherrill comes to Mary Baldwin from Teachers College, Columbia University, where she obtained her M.A. in Student Personnel and was on the Staff of the Dean of Women there. She is also a graduate of Women's College North Carolina and she spent last summer as a member of the staff of Col. Hobby helping to select the first group of officer candidates for the WAACS.



ANDREW MAHLER

From Ph. D To Pvt.

THE STARS ARE BRIGHT IN TEXAS WRITES PVT. MAHLER

Reprinted From Campus Comments

"We wrote to Dr. Andrew J. Mahler, and Dr. Edward P. Vandiver, former professors of English at Mary Baldwin and asked them to tell us about life in the Army. These letters have just arrived from them.

Barracks F, 76th Station Hospital
United States Army,
Camp Berkeley, Abilene, Texas,
October 27, 1942.

Dear Miss Sprouse,

Your letter of October 5 wandered over the highways and byways of the continent and finally caught up with me three days ago. Thank you for the news from Mary Baldwin. I often think of you all and find myself commenting inwardly; "Now, they are going to chapel;" or "I wonder how those girls look in Jeep hats,"—especially when I see a reflection of me in mine as I pass a roadside puddle; or, "It's about time for the surprise holiday; I guess they'll not be going to Sherando this year."

Sometimes I even wonder if you have as much school work to do as I, for, you see, I'm going to school too. The powers-that-be call my schooling basic training and they are giving me plenty of it.

I'm attached to a medical unit; therefore, the emphasis in my training as well as that of the 349 other men in our group is laid upon subjects dealing with hospital work, physiology, and pharmacy. The best way to give you some idea of my work is to tell you what I did today.

After breakfast at 6:30, we spent a half hour making up our cots, cleaning barracks, and policing (cleaning up) the grounds around our barracks. That was followed by a half hour of calisthenics during which we genuflected to the four corners of the earth and hopped about in a crouching position like jumping jacks with rheumatism.

From there we went to a lecture on foods—all about carbohydrates, fats, proteins, minerals, and vitamins. Now I know how to avoid catching scurvy, beriberi, and rickets—not to be confused with crickets, you can still catch them, no matter what you eat. Our classroom is the outdoors. We sit on the ground and take notes on pads lightly, but not deftly, balanced on our pantellas. (I learned that word yesterday. It's an easy one for me to remember because I like to smoke panatelas when I feel affluent).

Next, we spent an hour drilling. I've right-faced, left-faced, and about-faced so much lately that if a

dervish ever sees me, he will very likely greet me as a brother.

But we didn't do much tacing today; instead, we learned how to pack the soldier's pack (I was disappointed not to find a Camel in mine), and to pitch a shelter tent, but I won't go into that—the process, not the tent.

By that time, the bugle call sounded for dinner. This is our bugler's second day, and his notes are still uncertain; but we are a remarkably intelligent group, and we can interpret "squeaky, squawky, gr—burble, squawdy" into "sukey, sukey, sukey," in a flash.

At 1:00 o'clock we turned out again. This time it was to hear a lecture on the cardiovascular system. It's a great system; I'm glad I have one.

An hour later, we were marched to the theatre, two miles distant, where we spent two hours viewing films on camouflage, map-reading, and military courtesy. The Army uses films a great deal as a mode of teaching, and a very good method it is too, in my opinion. Of course, a person couldn't learn "Hail to thee, blithe spirit," by watching a film depicting a skylark in action; but, then even the movies can't do everything.

When we returned to our hutments, we dressed for Retreat, stood it, and ate our supper. This evening, the studios are reviewing veins, arteries, and capillaries; the hungry are at the PX eating ice cream; and I am writing this letter. And thus October 27, 1942, passes to Jamshyd's seven thousand years for Private Andrew Mahler.

Sometime I must tell you all about Texas mosquitoes. They sound like dive-bombers and carry on a very active offensive warfare. However, I'll have to stop now, because my pipe has gone out, and the lights will soon follow.

I guess you all have heard that a soldier likes to get letters from home. Well, I consider M.B.C. as a second home. If some of you will keep me informed about campus doings, I'll give you the true facts about "the stars at night" that are said to shine so bright deep, and I mean deep, in the heart of Texas. But it will have to be a letter to the whole group of you, because they (the non-coms, not the stars) manage to keep me pretty busy here.

Sincerely,
ANDREW MAHLER.

Fort Jackson, S. C.
October 8, 1942.

Dear Miss Sprouse:

I deeply appreciate your yesterday-received letter. although, frankly, I almost hate to think of Mary Bald-

win because I miss it so much.

I have been here three weeks. For the last two and two-thirds weeks I have been working in the Classification Department at the Reception Center of Fort Jackson, grading tests given to all inductees, giving typing tests, and coding personnel cards. For the past two days I have been one of the dozen or more men who interview all the inductees and write up all important facts about them on large cards, which are kept as permanent records.

We get up at 5:45. Then make up our beds, mop, and sweep. Breakfast follows.

I usually work from eight to twelve and one to five. Sunday I also had to work from eight to twelve. And last night I had to carry on from six-thirty until eleven-fifteen.

In the barracks lights go out at nine every night. Everyone must be in bed by ten-forty-five. Then back to five-forty-five in the morning.

One meets some interesting characters here as well as some that one might easily dispense with. I actually found a sergeant the other morning reading Shakspeare's King Lear all by himself.

I find it hard to keep everything I have in two big clothes bags or else under my pillow.

I hope that the war will soon be over and that I shall soon get back to M. B. C.

My best regards to you and to all my other Mary Baldwin friends.

Sincerely,
EDWARD VANDIVER, JR.
(Pvt. instead of Ph. D.)

Nancy Gilliam New Alumnae Secretary

TWO ALUMNAE SECRETARIES VISIT CAMPUS

The Board of Directors of the Mary Baldwin Alumnae Association takes great pleasure in announcing the Appointment of Miss Nancy Gilliam, of North Carolina, as the new Alumnae Secretary. Miss Gilliam will take office the fifteenth of July. She is at present teaching at Fairfax Hall where she has been a part of the faculty for the past year and a half. Prior to that time she taught in the public school system of North Carolina for three years and has done graduate work at Duke University.

To those of you who already know her she will need no introduction. For those of you who don't, she is one of the most delightful of our graduates that it has been our pleasure to meet. No two people ever see a third person in quite the same light but we felt sure after meeting her that the Alumnae Association was passing into capable hands and hands that would nur-

ture its growth and welfare with really "green fingers."

Ensign Love, "Winnie" to most of you, came back to the campus for a visit this fall, and I know that you would all have been thrilled over how splendid she looked, and how happy she is over being a vital part of the Navy, a WAVE.

We miss her very much here. Struggling along as we have without an Alumnae Secretary this fall taught us, if we needed teaching, just how vital and splendid a job she had done and only the fact that her country needed her, and her unselfish devotion to duty, and her loyalty during this time of crisis reconciled us to her having had to go. But the Navy evidently had already discovered her sterling worth because she has an important job in Washington and had already tackled it with all her enthusiasm and dispatch.

She made a splendid talk in Chapel about the general requirements for joining the WAVES, and, unless some WAAC gets here before June, the Navy will be swamped by this year's senior class.

Our Alumnae See Action

INTERESTING LETTERS FROM OUR FILES

(Editor's Note: These letters seemed too interesting and too exciting to just file away.)

168th Station Hospital
A. P. O. 810, Iceland
December 29, 1941

My dear Miss Love:

Your letter reached me while we were making preparations for our first Christmas in Iceland, which we celebrated in the usual American way; a tree, gifts, and a family dinner.

All Army personnel being on rations, we asked the medical officers to pool their dinner with the nurses. We had turkey and most of the trimmings, and our mess hall looked quite festive with crepe paper decorations and red candles. Names had been drawn previously for gifts, which were placed on the tables and caused much merriment.

The wards had trees and decorations sent by the Red Cross, and there was a gift for each patient, which the nurses helped the Red Cross wrap.

A group of marines and soldiers sang carols in the hospital on Christmas Eve, and a group of nurses on Christmas morning.

We arrived in Iceland three months ago, so are feeling quite at home in our Nissen huts, which are semi circular metal buildings with a concrete wall at either end and lined with plaster board. They are 36 ft. long and 16 ft. wide, and a stove in the center keeps them quite warm; that is, if one is a good fireman! We burn coke from the U. S. A.

The only furniture in our huts when we arrived was the beds. We made dressing tables, shelves and various pieces from packing cases. Didn't know we had so many carpenters among the nurses. I shall never be able to look at a packing case again without realizing its possibilities.

Although we lack many of the comforts of home, we find that we can get along without many of the things we considered essential. We have put away all mufti for we wear uniforms at all times, even to parties which we attend at the American and British camps. We visit with the British nurses and they have been over to have tea with us. Also had tea with Mrs. MacVeagh, wife of the American Minister, at the Borg Hotel. She is a very delightful person, and has visited our hospital and had tea with us in our hut.

Having no laundry facilities, we are wearing blue crepe uniforms on duty instead of white, keeping those for special occasions. Another Chief Nurse lives with

me, and we have a large gasoline can on the stove in which we heat water for baths, laundry and mopping the floor. Our hut also serves as our office, so we can combine housekeeping and clerical work.

We lived aboard ship for nine days upon our arrival September 15, until supplies were unloaded and we could set up our hospital. The operating theater had to be set up at once so that we would be ready for any emergency. The nurses were eager to go to work, so we were soon functioning as a hospital.

I am looking forward to the time when I can visit the points of interest, which will be in summer when there are twenty-three hours of daylight. We are now having the long nights, about twenty-one hours being a long twilight. Have seen very little sunlight since the last of October. The rainfall is heavy, and the Arctic gales almost take us off our feet. Sometimes I think our Nissen huts will be blown away.

We find it necessary to take some preparation of vitamins C and D because of the lack of sunshine and fresh fruits and vegetables. A few vegetables, such as tomatoes and cauliflower, are grown in hot houses heated by the hot springs, but quantity is limited.

Iceland is of volcanic origin and the greater part of the hinterland uninhabitable because of the high mountain ranges and glaciers. One of the ice caps covers an area of 3,300 sq. mi. The towns and villages are along the coast; hot springs, geysers and glaciers are side by side, and there are constant signs of volcanic activity still. There are many rivers and beautiful waterfalls. Salmon is plentiful in the rivers. Fishing and agriculture are the principal industries.

We have excellent drinking water, clear and sparkling and ice cold. Many of the rivers have their origin under the glaciers. The view from my window is magnificent; high rugged mountains, capped with snow at this time of year, and the color changing constantly. Have never seen more beautiful sunrises and sunsets. The Northern Lights, with their long pale green streamers waving across the sky, are very spectacular.

The people are of Scandinavian and Celtic descent, having blonde or red hair and blue eyes. We had a class in Icelandic on the ship, and although helpful, is not essential for English is spoken in practically all of the shops.

Reykjavik, the capital, has a population of 40,000. Buildings are of cement or corrugated iron, there being no wood. The only trees are very small ones in the gardens. The streets are narrow and some of the sidewalks unpaved. Work is now in progress to pipe the water from the hot springs to heat the houses.

There are many little coffee shops and book shops. Practically everything is imported, mostly from England, but American products are now coming in. There is practically no illiteracy, general education being of a high standard, and Reykjavik has a good university.

The National church is Lutheran and the Cathedral built in 1847 is most interesting.

Iceland is the oldest democracy, and the 1000th anniversary of the Althing or Parliament, was celebrated in 1930.

Being off the beaten path for tourists, hotel accommodations are very limited. It has been said that Iceland has much to offer the tourist who appreciates unspoiled nature, pure air and freedom.

Incidentally there are no polar bears, unless one happens to float in from Greenland on a cake of ice.

There are many more things I would like to tell you, but a censorship prevails. I cannot give you my location, but the address on the heading will reach me.

Sincerely yours,
EDNA D. UMBACH
1st Lt. Army Nurse Corps
Chief Nurse

My dear Secretary:

My address has been changed once more and I am now at Valley Forge General Hospital, Phoenixville, Penna., where I am assigned as Principal Chief Nurse.

I returned from Iceland on October 1st by air transport, and was assigned temporarily to Walter Reed General Hospital, Washington, D. C., until January 6th when I came up here.

This is one of the new 1500 bed army general hospitals, not in operation as yet. A skeleton force is getting the place set up, and it will be a month at least before we can take patients other than personnel.

I was sorry to leave my unit in Iceland after our year of pioneering together, but the older and more experienced army nurses are needed to take over these larger assignments.

Sincerely yours,
EDNA D. UMBACH
Capt. Army Nurse Corps

317 Fifth St.
Bristol, Tenn.
Dec. 21, 1942

Dear Friends, both near and far:

How many times have I thought of you and even started a circular letter. There are so many things that I'd like to say that I hardly know where to begin, and I can't possibly say all I want—but here goes.

First, I want to thank you, each and every one, for your prayers for me and the others out there in China all during the last year. We knew that you were praying for us and it was like a tonic for our souls. Often, as we prayed together every evening during those months of being interned by the Japanese, the thoughts of you praying too seemed a warm and palpable presence in the lamplight room. There were four of us kneeling there, but a multitude at the Throne of Grace. I don't think that I ever experienced a sense of the Presence of Jesus as I did those days.

A year ago, this month, the catastrophe which plunged us into war occurred at Pearl Harbor. We knew nothing about it until Monday Morning. Then it was that a detachment of Japanese soldiers with their commanding officer came to the compound. We were called to the residence occupied by Rev. and Mrs. D. C. Walter, and there notified that we were officially "enemy aliens" and were to be interned in our own homes. This was a great relief to us for it meant that we could cook food to suit our tastes and keep comfortably warm. We had expected war for some time and had laid in supplies of food; wheat, coal and money to last us six months or so. So, when it came, we pooled our resources and were very comfortable. We were also given the rules to govern our lives; mission work was to cease, we could not go outside the compound gate, but we could keep our servants to buy what we needed on the market. No letters were to be sent, but later, permission was granted and we wrote pretty freely. Our radio was confiscated. A detachment of Japanese guards were left to "protect" us. But everything was done and said courteously, and we were grateful for this.

And now, back to that memorable Monday, December 8th. By noon the schools were closed and all the day students were gone to their homes. By five P. M. the boarding students had scattered to their homes or places of temporary refuge. They made a pitiful stream, carrying their bedding rolls, their boxes and books. By the time darkness fell the buildings, so full of life and laughter, were left to echoing emptiness and doors banging in the wind. The soldiers had taken all keys and left everything standing open. It gave one a terrific feeling of desolation. It was painful, the next few days, to watch our precious school equipment, gathered through the years, taking to themselves legs and walking off, and not be able to say anything.

But how proud we were of the teachers and students! There had been no panic and no disorder. Guards were posted with fixed bayonets at all the school gates when they first came in, so everyone knew that something terrible had happened. But when I was sent around two hours after the soldiers arrived

to announce to the students that they were all to go home, I found every class-room in perfect order, with the children in their places, studying whatever was on their schedule for that hour. The Junior High School girls were gathered in their prayer room, some crying quietly, but all praying earnestly. They collected their things, bowed, sang their farewell songs, and marched out under the eyes of the guards with their heads up and in order. It really seemed to impress those soldiers too.

Schools were re-opened by the puppet government in our confiscated buildings sometime in January. Our students and teachers were forced to return, so they are at school again. Textbooks and courses are permeated with the New Order propaganda. They are studying Japanese, and salute that flag each day. How joyfully they accept all this you can imagine by putting yourselves in their place. But up to the time we left there had been no real effort to force the children of Christians to worship at the shrine or Confucian temple though the other students were taken there regularly. We were very thankful for this and are praying earnestly that this religious tolerance may continue, though, if the war lasts too long, our hopes are slight. It is a Japanese policy to unify the Empire with a religious center.

The hospital work went on under difficulties. The Japanese have neither the personnel nor the funds to run hospitals, so the Chinese staff was retained. When we left they were still open, trying to give Christian service to the more than a million people served by our hospital alone. Life is extremely difficult for them. Financial problems are acute; drugs increasingly scarce, charity patients daily increase in number, but the staff is determined to continue just as long as they can. They could have quietly gotten out from under the burden of responsibility and danger, but for the sake of the Church and people and property, they are going to hold together unless forced to leave. May God strengthen and keep them!

Churches, too, met a time of testing. The Taier-chuang Church was closed for several weeks by military order. The Kao Huang Miao Church had a detachment of soldiers billeted to "guard" their premises for a month. The Church was charged a sum for their entertainment equal to their pastor's salary for three months. The rest of the country churches were unmolested for the most part.

The compound church, which seats about 1200 people, was guarded by soldiers but never closed. We wondered if the people would come to services, since the Church was within the compound occupied by us Americans. The first Sunday after Pearl Harbor was cold and snowy, but 800 people came to bear witness

to their faith in Jesus and their connection with the American Mission, dangerous though it might be. The attendance never fell off. And in the spring examination of enquirers three hundred names were added to the rolls. They sent us gifts of food and money through our servants, and later came to see us freely when the guards became more lenient. They often spent a whole night in prayer for the situation and for us. One elder told the Japanese: "We will never cease to love them. They brought us the Gospel."

A time of great persecution may possibly lie before the Church. So far, no regulations have been made concerning modes of worship or tenets of faith. The organization of the church has been completely remodeled. Denominational names are abolished. It is now a "puppet" organization, outwardly. All Church leaders have had ten days of "Thought training." They have submitted in these things, but they are very clear as to the future and have made up their minds that they cannot yield if it comes to shrine worship or changing the creeds. If such pressure is brought to bear, persecution will break out. Pray with us that this will not come unless it be the plan of God.

As to what happened to us personally—our hearts are full of gratitude to God. The things that we feared never happened. Though our twenty guards had "borrowing ways" at times, they were kindly and courteous. We kept open house for them. Their quarters were cold and they liked our fire and hot tea, games, victrola and piano. From the first, in the war with China, we had done all we could to reach the Japanese soldiers with the Gospel. They need it, but we had not been successful. Now, shut up and guarded by them day and night, we tried again to reach them. After a few days they trusted us enough to park their guns and bayonets at the door when they came in. This was a great relief. I found cold steel rather detrimental to easy talk.

We hunted out all the games and jig-saw puzzles we had. One man was musical and pounded away for hours most contentedly with two fingers on the piano. Victrola records were popular. But the amusing aspect of life was the evening concerts. A number of our "Community Songs" have been translated into Japanese. They would sing the tune until we found it in the book and then we would all sing in two languages. Finally they would sing their national anthem and then we ours. The climax was the closing song—(their choice)—"Should Old Acquaintance be Forgotten." I'll never hear that song without remembering them.

On several occasions we had the opportunity to really give individual ones the Gospel message. Once

the Korean interpreter, who spoke Chinese well, had a long, heart-to-heart talk with Mr. Walter and Miss Small. At other times different ones sat with us reading the Bible passages we found for them in the Japanese Gospels. We could not speak their language or they ours, but God's Word shall "not return to him void" and we pray that that Word, fortified by our testimony, may have reached their hearts. They knew that we were opposed to their course of action, and to the things for which their Army stood. We told them so plainly, a number of times. But they also felt that we were sympathetic toward them as individuals, and they would bring out their pictures of loved ones at home and tell us, in broken Chinese, of how they longed to return and how little hope they had of this happiness. They too are human souls, for whom Christ died. Perhaps, if we had been more earnest, years ago, in sending them the Gospel, we would not today be fighting a non-Christian foe, the terrors of which we read in our papers. True as these reports are—yet there is another side. They too are individuals, caught in a war machine with no way out. We must hate their system; we must do all we can to bring them freedom and protect our own, but, as Christians, we must not hate them as individuals. Jesus said—"Love your enemies,"—not their system, but their souls. They are precious in His sight.

In May, the Japanese authorities offered us the privilege of applying for repatriation, which we refused. Later, they came to tell us that Tokyo had determined that all of us were to be exchanged. And so we sailed on the Italian ship, the "Conte Verde" from Shanghai at the end of June. How glad I was to find that my parents were to be on the same boat. We were re-united in Shanghai. Father had been in Hsueh, Mother in Shanghai, and I in Yih sien all the long winter. We sailed for a month, via Singapore, (of which we saw nothing at all)—until we reached the Portuguese port of Lorenzo Marques in East Africa. There we were exchanged for Japanese nationals and boarded the S.S. "Gripsholt." Another month of sailing, with a wonderful day in Rio de Janeiro, and we were back in New York. How glad, glad, we were to be back home again. The whole two months of ocean travel, although crowded and long, was a very happy experience. There was happy fellowship in the daily Bible classes and prayer meetings, and many friends. God was with us all the way. We felt His presence and were not afraid.

God bless you each one,

NETTIE JUNKIN

(Editor's Note: Nettie Junkin is now teaching Bible in the public schools at Bristol, Tenn.)

Campus Life In 1943 As An Upperclassman Sees It

Dear Alumnæ:

I'm sitting on the Club-house porch drinking a coke—(do have a sip.) It's such a lovely day—almost like spring. Well, really it isn't so far from spring—even though it seems like only yesterday that we were all saying "Hello" after a lovely summer, and beginning school in the fall.

I haven't seen so many of you up this fall, but I s'pose the war has had a great deal to do with that. It has affected us too, but hardly as much, I think, as it has affected you. (Perhaps you should all come back to Mary Baldwin to school.) This year of school has been wonderful. (I can't say so much for right now, as exams start in about a week.)

To get back to the war—of course we have had our meat rationed somewhat, but not heavily rationed. Every now and then we skip dessert. No one minds, no one complains—after all, it isn't much to give up. Almost every Monday in chapel, we hear a news sum-

mary; lecturers dwell on the war often; some girls keep up with it from day to day. It seems we have our own little world here—as long as it has not been too drastically affected by the war, we have more or less not gotten ultra-serious over the situation. We hear a great deal about it, but really it all seems so far away that it has been hard to realize.

It isn't that we haven't cared about the war—it's that we just haven't been in the position to realize it quite so well as you all have. We *have* seen more men in uniform, but men in uniforms are "glamorous." As long as busses have still run to Lexington and Charlottesville, who has cared about no taxis, or cars, or gas! As long as we have been here with our books, as long as there have been enough crazy ideas and laughter and songs to go around—it has been hard for us to be too disturbed or worried about this war. However, I do think that *now*, after we have all been home, the reality of the situation is more apparent to us all. Most of us, while we were home during the holidays, got a taste of what the war really is like to

America. I think we realize it much more. There is much more talk of WAVES and WAACS, war work, stamps and bonds, etc. We are still laughing a lot, but we are thinking a lot too about our part in this war. I now believe that if we live through exams, that we will be one of the best bunches of red, white, and blue patriots in America.

So much for the war! If any of you feel real energetic and have a bicycle, or some roller skates, (did I say "So much for the war!") I do wish you'd come up and see us—and see all the new additions and changes around the college.

When we came back this fall, the gym was completed, and looked as though it was just waiting for us to come. It is our proudest possession 'most. Already we have had two wonderful formal dances in it—one on Founder's Day, and one at Christmas. Each time the decorations were beautiful, the orchestra was grand, and everyone had an extremely good time. Besides these two "big" dances, we have had several informal parties, etc., there.

I wonder if you ever wonder what we're like—the girls that go to Mary Baldwin in 1942-'43! I have an idea, after talking to one alumna, that except for our clothes, we aren't so very different really from what many other M. B. C. girls have been like. After all, girls are just girls! I must admit, I haven't heard of anyone cooking fudge in a closet over "Sterno," as another alumna confided they used to do (strictly against rules!)...however, I am sure we must have ingenious substitutes for such. Midnight feasts are just as enjoyable now, I am sure, as they were in earlier years of M. B. C. history.

As usual this fall, we still love the club, and spend many hours there. Bridge is, as always, the favorite game, although it has had such audacious challengers as "gin-rummy," solitaire, etc. A very involved kind of solitaire has been introduced this fall at the club, and has claimed many followers. "Coke" is our favorite refreshment—fortunately, we have been able to get it very well, in spite of the war. Yes, we all like to dance too. In our midst are a good supply of adept jitterbugs.

I guess we love to go to the movies. Any extra pennies available at such times are spent on lollipops, which serve as a wonderful source of nourishment during the show. Often, great deliberation is spent on deciding between the various flavors—lemon, lime, or orange.

As for our clothes, this fall—long sweaters and skirts hit the high mark in popularity. Saddle shoes are giving way to "loafers," and wool socks to match sweaters are definitely "in." There has been a trend toward artificial flowers worn in the hair, but that, like

high-top socks, is dying out somewhat. Everyone has gone "casual"—blue jeans and plaid flannel shirts (Montgomery Ward special) are an *essential* to study and "be casual" in. (They really come in handy for the picnics that were plenteous this fall. I suppose the best picnic was the surprise one at the apple orchard, where we combined work with fun, and gathered our supply of apples ourselves.) Slacks are popular too. Night fall, and bedtime has found girls tucked away in a long flannel night-gown. Sundays, we all dress up and make M. B. C. look like an issue of *Vogue* come to life. Ear-rings are popular, and especially with an up-swept hair-do. These appear mostly on "Dressy" occasions. Many, especially freshmen, are fond of "black" lipstick and nail polish. During exam week, pigtailed appear on the face of the campus like measles. For luck on exams, everyone wears blue too.

One change in Mary Baldwin this fall has been its wholesale case of "falling in love." Many girls did not come back after the summer because they had gotten themselves led off to the altar during vacation. Many, many engagements were announced during the fall. Diamonds are glittering all over the place, and the third finger, left hand is more conspicuous than ever this year.

At Mary Baldwin this session, there is an unusually swell bunch of girls, who are just as typically "Mary Baldwin girls" as they can be. They are all interested in the alumnae, and always welcome you—so please do try to plan a visit soon.

Oh, dear, the club is closing...I'm going to be late to dinner! Hope I get a letter in the mail, and that we have chocolate ice-cream for dessert!

—LUCY BRYAN, '43.

SEMINARY FACULTY MEMBERS DIE DEVOTED ALUMNA AND FORMER STAFF MEMBER GONE

A message was received at Mary Baldwin College announcing the death of Miss Helen Williamson. She died in January from a heart attack suffered several weeks before Christmas at the home of her sister, Mrs. Edward B. Meetze, 1735 New Hampshire Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Miss Williamson, one of Mary Baldwin's oldest and most loyal alumnae, was connected with the school in various capacities from the time of her graduation in 1894 until 1930, and in the course of her long and devoted service to the institution, won a large circle of friends who still cherish the memory of her unselfish and courageous life.

EMERITUS PROFESSOR OF MUSIC DEPARTMENT PASSES UNEXPECTEDLY

Dr. Wilmar Robert Schmidt, emeritus professor of fine arts at Mary Baldwin College, died unexpectedly January 13, 1943, at his residence, 218 North New Street, Staunton, Virginia.

Dr. Schmidt was born in Erfurt, Thuringia, Germany, in 1868, the section where Sebastian Bach, Handel, Martin Luther, Goethe, Schiller, and Wagner passed their lives. Reared in such an atmosphere he determined at an early age to adopt a musical career.

He attended the gymnasium at Erfurt, the University and the Royal Conservatory of Music at Leipzig, receiving his Ph.D. from the former and a graduate's diploma from the latter.

Dr. Schmidt was a pupil of Franz Liszt and also pursued his musical studies under Dr. Reinecke, Dr. Jadesohn, Dr. Oscar Paul, Professor Paul Homeyer, and Professor Carl Wendling, in Leipzig, and also studied composition with Brahms in Vienna, and the new keyboard with Paul von Janko, its inventor. He was considered one of the greatest authorities on the Janko keyboard.

He was professor of music at Smith College in 1898; Hollins College, 1904-07; Mary Baldwin Seminary, 1908-1929; then the college until his retirement; and the University of Virginia's summer session in 1928.

He was a concert pianist and organist, a conductor of opera and oratorio, a conductor of chorus and orchestra. While he was on the faculty at Mary Baldwin, he conducted music festivals for several years, featuring solos, orchestras, and choruses of more than 150 voices.

As an artist and professor of music, he enjoyed one of the highest reputations. He taught and developed many musicians of note and made a host of friends among former students and fellow artists. Of all musical instruments, the organ was perhaps his first love.

MRS. SALLIE OTT TRIBBETT ('86) CELEBRATES GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

A host of friends called to greet Major and Mrs. William Edgar Tribbett last night as they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Mary Tribbett Peterson, 112 Prospect Street, Staunton, Virginia. Three other daughters, Mrs. Daisy T. Maupin of Bristol, Tenn., Mrs. Anna T. White of Front Royal, and Mrs. Virginia T. MacDonald of Syckoff, N. J. were here for the occasion. Another daughter, Mrs. Jean Thurston, was unable to

attend. The honor guests with their daughters received.

Masses of flowers decorated the house, with many varieties of chrysanthemums predominating. A beautifully decorated three-tier wedding cake occupied the center of the dining room table, which was decorated with ivy and white tapers. A golden wedding bell topped the cake. At another table in the dining room, Mrs. Emma K. Sofsky and Mrs. Charles Fauver alternated at the punch bowl.

The guest book was kept by the couple's granddaughter, Mrs. Raymond L. Mathews of Waynesboro.

Major and Mrs. Tribbett were married at New Providence church on Oct. 27, 1892. Mrs. Tribbett, the former Miss Sallie Ott, is the daughter of the late Enas Ott and Mrs. Virginia McCormick Ott of Augusta County. Major Tribbett is the son of the late John Perry Tribbett and Mrs. Susan McGuffin Tribbett.

This article on the husband of Mrs. Philip T. Fry (Venice Mason '17) is taken from the Atlanta Journal:

"A rare and remarkable picture for a wife to own --a picture of her husband as he appears to his comrades on the battlefield--is in possession of Mrs. P. T. Fry, wife of the Atlanta colonel who was taken prisoner on Bataan. It is a word picture painted by Col. Geo. S. Clarke, the officer Col. Fry succeeded as commander of the Third Battalion, 57th Infantry, two weeks before the Japanese attacks on the island.

In a letter to Mrs. Fry, written from San Francisco, where he has been confined to a hospital, Col. Clarke, attempted to tell the Atlanta wife "what a wonderful man your husband is; what brave soldier he is; what a grand battalion and regimental commander he was. . . As I told you in my telegram, I recommended him for a Distinguished Service Cross but, since there were none in the Philippines, I do not believe he has actually received his award, but I promise you he will.

"He commanded the Third Battalion, 57th Infantry, during these fateful days of the first organized Japanese attack on our prepared positions. Due to the terrain, and for other reasons, the Japanese poured those attacks on the four night-marish days and nights. Two of his companies were driven back to the battalion reserve line by sheer force of number, and due to the fact that we had absolutely no airplanes to fight off the hordes of dive bombers the Japanese threw at us.

"I shall never forget as long as I live, listening in to Phil's telephone and hearing his calm messages to be calm. He taught me a real lesson that night and I am sure that company commanders, and what few officers are left of his battalion, will ever love him for his able, calm and wonderful ability during that horrible night."

Alumnae Notes

ENGAGEMENTS

	NAME	To		NAME	To
'34	Marjorie Morfit	Capt. Chas. J. Banum	'41x'39	Grace Fox	Lt. Eugene Terry Dennis
'40x'38	Mary Louise Overton	Mr. Thomas Portcaker Rabenel	'41	Gladys White	Mr. Joseph A. Charette
'40x'38	Mary Katherine McKale	Lt. Ernest Jackson Oglesby, Jr.	'43x'42	Anna Laura Winslow	Mr. Gilbert Laurie Newbold

MARRIAGES

CLASS	NAME	To	DATE
'28	Margaret Scott	Mr. Herbert J. Meier	October 1942
'34	Kitty Drummond	Lt. Baskerville Bridgforth, Jr.	Sept. 5, 1942
'34x'32	Hilliard McCaleb	Mr. John Henderson Green, Jr.	Dec. 1, 1942
'35	Margarett Kable Russell	Lt. Price Morgan Davis, Jr.	Oct. 28, 1942
'35x'32	Lois Prescott	Lt. George Nelson Butz, Jr.	Feb. 13, 1943
'36	Mary Eliz. Gardner	Mr. J. Stewart Glen, Jr.	June 27, 1942
'36	Mildred Huffman	Mr. John Lee Hawkins II	Oct. 23, 1942
'36	Sarah Frances Louderback	Ensign Edward W. Hiserman	Jan. 9, 1943
'36x'35	Joi Bauers	Mr. Henry Frederick Clodius	Dec. 26, 1942
'37	Hettie Kennedy	Lt. Norris R. Fowler	July 11, 1942
'37	Elizabeth Jane Beckert	Lt. Robert Albert Sowell	Sept. 29, 1942
'37	Ada Jeannette Rankin	Mr. Paul Blackwell Clark	October 1942
'37	Elizabeth Blessing Whitmore	Dr. William Randall Brown	Aug. 20, 1942
'37	Virginia Kyle	Pvt. William Frank Copper	May 9, 1942
'37x'36	Elizabeth Thomas	Mr. Frank Keyser Kirtley	July 24, 1942
'37x'35	Betty Guernsey	Mr. Alexander McIver Wood	Nov. 11, 1942
'37x'34	Virginia Powell	Lt. Charles A. Rudy	June 2, 1941
'38	Billie Day	Mr. Thomas Gabriel Lawrence, Jr.	July 25, 1942
'38	Geraldine Berry	Mr. Carl A. Van Lear	June 20, 1942
'38	Mary Elizabeth Philpotts	Mr. William C. Hudgins	Feb. 7, 1943
'38x'35	Elizabeth Odell	Dr. Thomas Wright	June 1942
'39	Marguerite Latham	Mr. George Lewis Clemmer	July 11, 1942
'39	Barbara Baker	Mr. Robert V. Richardson	July 1942
'39	Mary Louise MacLendon	Mr. Ted Atkinson	
'39	Mary Norfleet White	Mr. Lucius Pickney Cook, Jr.	Dec. 5, 1942
'39	Margaret Caldwell	Dr. C. Nash Herndon	Oct. 10, 1942
'39x'38	Margaret Armstrong	Dr. Elmer S. Robertson	Sept. 15, 1942
'39x'37	Florence Rogers Joynes	Mr. William W. Straud	Oct. 19, 1942
'39x'37	Barbara Fleming	Mr. Elbridge A. Wick, Jr.	
'39x'37	Helen Kinkad	Mr. Harold Stanley Yood	Nov. 8, 1941
'40	Virginia Hayes	Lt. Stevens Forrester	July 1942
'40	Louise Kirtz	Rev. Walter A. Massey	August 1942
'40	Molly Wagener	Mr. Joseph Sherrard Rice	August 28, 1942
'40	Kitty Holt	Mr. Wilson B. Dozier	Oct. 31, 1942
'40	Bettina M. Hull	Ensign John Sparks	Nov. 6, 1942
'40	Alice Jones	Lt. William McIlwaine Thompson	Nov. 7, 1942
'40	Hilda Brown	Lt. James Benjamin M. Ziegler	Dec. 7, 1942
'40x'38	Mildred Clarke	Lt. David Edward Condon	Sept. 6, 1942
'41	Janet Cline	Mr. William Bell Harmon	Feb. 5, 1943
'41	Mary Elizabeth Slusser	Mr. Ben Jacobs	June 1942
'41	Anita Fay Nordan	Lt. Sidney A. Lindsay	Oct. 21, 1942
'41	Mary Ellen Thomas	Capt. Jesse J. Moorhead	Sept. 2, 1942
'41	Elaine Kibler	Lt. (jg) William L. Baldwin, Jr.	Nov. 14, 1942
'41	Dale Peters	Ensign Robert Bryant	Oct. 3, 1942
'41	Jane Lee Roudenbush	Lt. Lewis M. Coiner	July 27, 1942
'41	Lillie Harwell	Lt. Alton G. Williams	May 20, 1942
'41x'39	Kathryn Hanson Hoge	Staff Sgt. Wm. Leroy Ronemus	Nov. 29, 1942
'42	Myrtella Sobel	Mr. Lewis Bailey Nelson	June 20, 1942
'42	Glada Marzetta Moses	Mr. Paul R. Beard	Feb. 17, 1943
'42	Adelaide McSween	Lt. (jg) Roy O. Burnett, Jr.	July 4, 1942
'42	Jane Lloyd Harris	Mr. George Pepper Gatling	Sept. 29, 1942
'42	Roberta Billups	Ensign William John Scott, Jr.	Dec. 29, 1942
'42	Byrd Harris	Mr. Thomas D. Martin	June 13, 1942

	NAME	TO	DATE
'42	Regina Minon	Lt. James Lancaster Henderson	Sept. 26, 1942
'42	Mildred Pinneo	Mr. Charles Frederick Bailey	July 4, 1942
'42	Marian J. Hornsby	Lt. Willits Henry Bowditch	Jan. 23, 1943
'42x'40	Frances Holt	Mr. Joseph A. Dodd	July 31, 1942
'42x'39	Billie Boze	Mr. Thomas F. Manville, Jr.	Oct. 11, 1942
'42x'40	Susan B. Haislip	Lt. Herschel A. Jarrell	Jan. 19, 1943
'43	Louise Petrulias	Lt. Alfred Joseph Rooklin	Oct. 10, 1942
'43	Eleanor Cline	Mr. Lester Raymond Link, Jr.	
'43	Marjorie Riker	Sgt. Walter F. Kennedy, Jr.	July 3, 1942
'43x'40	Mary E. Huffman	Lt. William Jerome Boch	Sept. 3, 1942
'43x'40	Alice Ware	Lt. Harold Martin Hagaman	Oct. 16, 1942
'43x'40	Marian Langsner	Mr. Simon Rosen	Oct. 25, 1942
'43x'42	Reed Munson	Mr. John Harmon Beveridge	Sept. 18, 1942
'43x'41	Mary Jane Anderson	Lt. Meeks Bringle Vaughan	
'43x'40	Elizabeth Ray	Mr. John I. Munson	Jan. 23, 1943
'43x'40	Maydwele Mason	Lt. David J. Coleman, Jr.	
'44x'42	Mildred Roycroft	Mr. Robert D. Teer	July 15, 1942
'44x'42	Shirley Alderman	Lt. (jg) Edward M. Volz	
'44x'41	Jeanette Pressly	Cdt. Joseph Gray Street	Aug. 29, 1942
'44x'42	Mary Angeline Mish	Lt. James Albert Bundy	Nov. 23, 1942
'44x'42	Lucie Foster	Lt. (jg) David Gregg Adams, Jr.	October 1942
'45x'42	Mary D. Smith	Mr. Kenneth R. Higgins	

BIRTHS

NAME	NEE	
Mrs. Freeman Hart	'19	Jean Fraser
Mrs. R. W. Buck	'23	Marjorie Myer
Mrs. Gavin Cochran	'24	Catherine Sneed
Mrs. Joseph Earnest	'26	Mary Linton Walton
Mrs. J. C. Smith	'31	Margaret Fitzhugh
Mrs. James L. Taylor	'31	Marion Ragan
Mrs. Milton Kronsberg	'31	Freda Weinberg
Mrs. R. Deane Blair	'32x'29	Dorothy Newman
Mrs. Graham Painter	'33	Ruth Frazer
Mrs. Daniel B. McLaughlin	'34	Harriet Schofield
Mrs. John Kirk Train	'35	Ann Bradford
Mrs. Albert G. Hill	'37	Margaret Hunt
Mrs. James Morrison	'37	Marjorie Abbey
Mrs. Charles Pearson, Jr.	'38	Margaret Keller
Mrs. F. B. Jefferies	'38	Margaret Trostle
Mrs. John T. Cover	'38x'36	Rachel Bearhower
Mrs. Glenn Ellis Coven	'39	Carol Bowman
Mrs. Robert Juer	'39x'37	Mary Boisseau
Mrs. A. Lawrence Cheek, Jr.	'40	Helena Riker
Mrs. E. R. Fenstermacher	'40x'39	Patty Roof
Mrs. St. George Tucker Arnold		Elizabeth Poole (Former Dean)
Mrs. S. M. Wilbourn	'89	Mary E. Trotter
		A daughter, Jean Blanding, born Sept. 16, 1942
		A son, Samuel Worcester, born June 15, 1942
		A son, born Oct. 26, 1942
		A son, Joseph Rhea, Jr., born July 25, 1942
		A daughter, Dana Fitzhugh, born July 25, 1942
		A son, James LaFayette, Jr., born Feb. 21, 1943
		A daughter, Regina Barth, born July 16, 1942
		A son, Charles Michael, born Sept. 29, 1942
		A son, Graham Fishburne, Jr., born Dec. 17, 1942
		Her second baby
		A daughter, Ann, born Sept. 26, 1942
		A daughter, Lyda, born Sept. 17, 1942
		A son, James, Jr., born Nov. 28, 1942
		A son, Charles III, born July 18, 1942
		A son, born July 26, 1942
		A daughter, Betsy DeBarry, born January 28, 1943
		A son, Glenn Ellis Coven, Jr., born May 8, 1942
		A daughter, Mary Boisseau, born Oct. 19, 1942
		A son, born Jan. 21, 1943
		Twin daughters, Elizabeth and Ellen, born Aug. 1942
		A daughter, born Feb. 11, 1943
		A grand-daughter, Marjorie Christiana Ware, born Nov. 9, 1942

DEATHS

CLASS	NAME	
	Mrs. Minnie Scoville Martin	Sept. 19, 1942 at Montclair, New Jersey
'74	Mrs. Alice Antrim Wayland	June 7, 1942 at Waynesboro, Va.
	Mrs. Lucy Waddell Scott	June 30, 1942, at Statesville, N. C.
'79	Miss Flora Firor	October, 1942, at Washington, D. C.
'80	Miss Fanny Leake	September 1, 1939
'81	Mrs. Nellie Thomas Summers	May 15, 1942, at Springfield, Ohio
'83	Miss Fannie Christian	February, 1941, at Swoope, Va.
'87	Mrs. Katherine Danner Mahood	December 15, 1942, at St. Petersburg, Florida
	Mrs. Lelia McCormick Vaughan	November 13, 1942, at Ann Arbor, Michigan
'96	Mrs. Josephine Stephenson Boyer	May 26, 1942, at Staunton, Virginia
'06	Mrs. Virginia McChesney Scott	July 26, 1942, at Wilmington, Delaware
'07	Mrs. Virginia Greider Roller	October 5, 1942, at Ft. Defiance, Virginia
'11	Mrs. Elizabeth Neilson Diehl	November 2, 1942

OUR SYMPATHY TO:

Elizabeth *McCue* Kennedy ('12) whose husband, Lt. Col. John Kennedy, died the summer of 1942 in Port Gibson, Mississippi. Her son, Capt. John Kennedy, has been reported "missing in action." He was a captain in the Marines and was on the aircraft carrier "Wasp," which was sunk in the Pacific September 15, 1942.

Nancy *Wallace* Henderson ('36) on the death of her husband, Lt. William Henderson, in Alaska.

Mary Helen Barnes ('02), whose sister, Bertha, died on July 20, 1942. She was retired adjudicator of the Veterans Administrator.

Edith *Holt* Sams ('99), whose husband, Mr. A. D. Sams, died November 30, 1942.

Freda *Weinberg* Kronsberg ('31 x '29) whose father, Mr. Abraham Weinberg, died January 25, 1943.

Estelle *Ast* Payne (1886), whose husband, Dr. Marshall Payne, died in February, 1943.

Flossie *Skinner* Miller, whose husband, Mr. Henry T. Miller, died in January 1943.

WHO IS DOING WHAT THAT'S NEW

Elizabeth Burns ('29) is director of Public Assistance in Jefferson County, Charles Town, West Virginia.

Marjorie G. Russell ('34 x '31), daughter of Col. and Mrs. T. G. Russell of Staunton, Virginia, who for the past several years has been associated with the Audit Bureau of the Treasury Dept. in Washington, was on July 1, 1942, named assistant executive secretary of the War Manpower Commission. She succeeded the late Sherman Mittel, executive secretary, temporarily.

Leona Bowman ('35), is Instructor of Public Health Nursing, Nurses Home, Johns Hopkins.

Jo Jackson ('38) is working in Washington. She and Betty Guthrie ('38) are living at 1529 18th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Louise Wilson ('39 x '37) is doing clerical work in the Army Air Corps. Her new address: London Hall, Apts. no. 606, 1133 13th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Jessie Mae Cover ('38) is connected with the library at Wheaton College, Norton, Mass.

Rachel Hassell ('40) is working at a hotel in Montreat, N. C.

Louise Kinkel ('41) was awarded a Graduate Certificate in Social Work at the 96th Annual Commencement Exercises of the University of Buffalo last June 10th.

Miss Isabel Carpenter ('41 x '39) daughter of Mr. and

Mrs. J. C. Carpenter of Clifton Forge, was recently awarded her stewardess wings by American Airlines, following her graduation from the Airline's Stewardess Training School at LaGuardia Field, New York. She has been assigned to the flagships flown out of New York, her base airport.

Leslie Syron ('42) is doing graduate work in the Sociology Department at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

Peggy Price ('43x'40) is in the Dietitian's Office at Columbia Hospital, Washington, D. C.

NOTES FROM THE CLASS LETTERS OF GINNIE GANTT AND CAY DEWEES

Nancy McWhorter, Alyce Farenwald ('42), and a few others are in Washington, swelling the already overcrowded detachment of females. They're with the Signal Corps.

Anne Pendleton ('42) started work as Private Secretary no. 1 in Yorktown on June 9, 1942.

Margaret McDonald has had the same job in the summer of '1942 as in the summer of '41—attendant in a female ward in a State Farm.

Ellen Morris Jones ('37) is secretary to the Executive Secretary with the new Virginia State Parole Board in Richmond, Va.

Virginia *White* Taylor's ('37) husband is now a Captain, and still is in Hawaii. They have a son, George, six months old, October 23rd.

Betty *Curry* Langley ('37) is doing war work in Toronto.

Jane *Jeffrey* Bennett ('37) and Ginnie Gantt ('37) are both working on the Combined War and Community Chest Drive at home. Jane is a Captain no less. Her husband, Allen, is Resident Surgeon at St. Luke's Hospital in Bethlehem. Jane does her share in the Hospital, too, as a Gray Lady. She just recently finished her course. In addition to the Community Chest Work, Ginnie is doing kindergarten work at the Day Nursery for the Junior Welfare League, and work of similar nature in the Children's Ward at the Hospital, and hopes soon to resume her work in the Purchasing Dept. at the Bethlehem Steel Co.

June Trout ('37) and Anne Harrison ('37) are now working in Washington.

Lola Jane *Maloney* Pugh '37) is living in Birmingham, Ala., and is kept on the jump by her young son, Ned.

Anne *Mosby* Cover is living in Harrisonburg, and has a baby girl, Kathryn Bell, born March 3, 1942.

Betty *Mark* Weinkauff (Ex '37) is living in Rome, N. Y., with her husband and her baby.

Betty *Hiles* de la Ossa (Ex '37) is working for a firm of corporation lawyers in Newark.

Mary Elizabeth Smart (Ex '37) became Mrs. G. Harold M. Campbell January 4, 1941. Her address is 3410 Atwater Ave., Montreal, Quebec, Canada. Her husband is a lawyer, a graduate of McGill University, and isn't on active service yet, though he's a reserve officer in the Royal Montreal Regiment.

Jean Holliday (Ex '37) has been Secretary, School of Art and Architecture at the University of Virginia for the past four years.

Edith *Alphin* Gilbert ('37), whose husband is in the U. S. Army Air Force and stationed at Stillwater, Minn., is in Lexington and is Secretary to the Dean at V. M. I. She is Secretary of the M. B. Alumnae Chapter in Lexington, President of the Lexington Junior Woman's Club, and with Red Cross, Church, and Defense work thrown in, has little time of her own.

Stuart Ellis Davis (Ex '37) works for her father who is a doctor, as nurse, secretary, bookkeeper, and general handy man in Logan, West Virginia.

Nell V. Coyner (Ex '37) has a very good position as stenographer in a defense industry in Waynesboro, Va.

Isabelle *Maitland* Wiley (Ex '37) is living in Greensboro where her husband is the Assistant Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. Her small son was three Thanksgiving Day.

Emily *Turner* Grover is living at Ft. Thomas, Ky., with her husband, who is a doctor in the Army, plus, of course, her three children.

Margaret *Bailey* Schofield (Ex '37), husband, and daughter, Sue, are living in Davenport, Iowa.



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